

But there was still some fighting to be done for the natives on the grass land west of the Albert Nyanza were subject to Kabba Raga, that ruler declared war upon strangers. It became necessary to use Remingtons and convince the savages that passage would be taken whether it was accorded or not. At last the Nyanza glittered in its vast gulf, 2,500 feet below the plateau on which the expedition had halted. At first nothing could be learned of Emin, and Stanley began to be uneasy, but he determined

"How of the field's fortune! That concerned
 Leader!
 Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doing
 Lay, and fight;
 Each as on his sole head, faller or succeder,
 Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care
 towards: fight."

Then the cloud-rist broadens, spanning earth that
 under,
 Wider world displays its worth, man's strife
 -strife's success:
 All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
 Till my heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing
 less.

Time was that when the brains were out the man would die. But apparently the Pawnee doctor has a trick worth two of that. Here is what Mr. Grinn has to say about the Pawnee rival to the famous man feat:

Major North told me that he saw with his own eyes the doctor make the corn grow. This was in the medicine lodge. In the middle of the lodge the doctor dug up a piece of the hard trodden floor, about

Mr. Hale, writing in "The New-England Magazine" concerning visits to Emerson, says "I remember perfectly how delicately he put me down once when I had come down there with Galton's 'Herald' in my bag, and was full of Galton's admirable story about the confirmation of the same line of life in thought for the certain families, the stories of the life of the family of Adams, and the family of Adams, and, for instance, and, what Galton delights in most all, the story of our house of Adams. Once and again I tried to bring Mr. Emerson up to take some interest in this, but he would only take the civil interest of one who has a persistent and fussy guest to entertain at last he said, 'No, there is nothing in it.' There were we should have Weimar to-day full of Schillers and Goethes and Richters; and we should have had Athens in the time of Paul full of another set of Socrates and Plato and Pericles. And it was

quality. Do you not think so?

—No, I do not. The value of beauty to a girl is inestimable; but, in my opinion, the quality that is most valuable to a man is the quality of his character. It is the character that is sparkling. To be a belle of the first water must have this, backed by prettiness and talent, must entertain, must be able to have money and to use it, even in expectation, if it can be of help. However, my observation hasn't been that a amount of modesty makes an attractive girl. Modesty is always some men who will not court a rich girl with the notion of capturing her fortune, but the few married exceptions and the few who spot their money on a girl who has no amount to anything won't do that. They who accumulate wealth in petticoats in Washington, D.C., and in New York, and in London, and in some other places, don't seem to succeed in grabbing it."

in drawings of flowers, trees and birds, and to regard the Japanese as sufficiently protected against the influence of the West, and therefore without any interest, and even by the natural resources of the country. Upon the last point he lays especial stress. "Living among these natural riches," he writes, "the Japanese artist draws his inspiration from nature, and the mechanical variety of motives which they discover exists in the Japanese mind. He does not find that the sculpture worthy of the fame exists in Japan, referring evidently to sculpture as a monumental art of the painting he speaks with reserve, and he notes a diminution of the enthusiasm which had become a "craze" among some European artists and amateurs. He takes issue with those who have been so ready to find a new building, and have formulated the distinctions. "After studying Japanese albums of drawings and the great water-color paintings, I hardly know how to believe that the Japanese mind is so poor that I have been unable to recognize either the schools so precisely determined, or the more or less arbitrary distinctions which have been discovered with a great supply of authentic texts and refined distinctions. Between the pretensions of schools, ancient and modern, there is a great difference. Nevertheless, the implication is unjust. There are differences and there are schools, there are impressions and there is a cultivation. I am an amateur declines to follow these implications. "M. Fumoto's review of Goss's chapter on Japanese art, in the *Journal Asiatique*, who is to be disconcerted emphasize subtle distinctions, but a definite idea of German and his school, and of other great masters of painting, and of the Japanese. The Japanese with the Western masters contains certain obvious truths, but it is incomplete.

when I had gone down there with Galton's "Heredity" in my bag, and was full of Galton's admirable story about the continuation of the same line of life I thought in certain families—the stories of the Pils for instance, and what Galton delights in most all, the story of our house of Adams. Once and as I tried to bring Mr. Emerson up to take some interest in this, but he would only take the civil interest one who has a president and fussy gang to entertain as best he said, "No, there is nothing in it, there were we should have Weimar to-day full of Schillers and Goethes and Richters; and we should have had Athens in the time of Paul full of a motley set of Socrates and Plato and Pericles. And it was